

This is poming full of big wit and brilliant light.
It will (if asked) take you a way.
Far a ways indeed.

— Jim McCrary

MANTIC SEMANTIC



a.l. nielsen

HANK'S ORIGINAL
LOOSE GRAVEL PRESS



PO Box 453
ARROYO GRANDE, CA 93421

\$7.00

This is poming full of big wit and
It will (if asked) take you a way.
Far a ways indeed.

— J

a.l. nielsen

HANK'S OR
LOOSE GRAV



PO Box 4
ARROYO GRANDE

\$7.00

Copyright © 2011 Aldon Nielsen
All rights reserved to author upon publication

Cover design typesetting and book design by
the firm Mancini, Lopez, McCrary, & Tills.

Cover photo by Aldon D. Nielsen
Author photo by Anna Everett

Hank's Original Loose Gravel Press
[2048 Learnard Street](#)
[Lawrence, KS 66046](#)

TO PURCHASE Hank's Original "chappers,"
Go to <http://www.HanksOriginal.com>

TO ORDER MULTIPLE COPIES,
E-mail one of the editors at any of the
following addresses:

sueandjim@juno.com
len200@hotmail.com
theenkBooks@rochester.rr.com

Single copy price \$7.00

DOING IT TO DEATH
(James in Flames)

Get up offa that thing

Hey America

Let a man come in
Try me shout

And shimmy

Outtasight grits
And soul

Thinking about Little Willie John
Prisoner of night train
Get up offa that thing
Please please please unwind yourself
Living in America

And bring that licking stick

Boogaloo today

And yesterday

Papa's brand new breed
Get up offa that thing
It may be the last time
Hell
Reality
Everybody's doin' the hustle

Papa's got a brand new mama
Popcorn
Tell mama

I got that feeling

Bring it on

Get up offa that thing
Try me

Hot on the one

Gravity groove

If
Contra
Descartes

You begin
By believing
Everything

Well
Then

There
You go
Again

Second Person

If I come to speak in your name
“You” to whom so much has been addressed
If I come to your name with no knowledge
Of what is intended there
If I enter that space which fills the mouths of others
When they speak of you
That space which so seldom surrounds your own
guarded tongue
Will it be to say one of those sentences
That has insisted upon itself through history
Repeating itself into language after language
Like some stuttering fool who cannot
Make himself understood
So we must learn it again in each passing tongue
Will it be to take that sentence up
With no care for what that act may portend
To remove it from the rubric so senselessly hung
Above it by its earliest authors
And to append it to your name as if
That were what we should have called it all along
If I come to rest in your name
Listening to the breathy similitude of its syllables
Will I dream a proper weather
If the two of us gather together in your given name
Will it be broken like the tablets of the law
Only to be reinscribed in the same hand
Reaching out of generations assembled in your last name
If I place your name
If I announce it
If I call your name when you’re not there
If I say “you” in poem after poem
Where will it get me

If I come in your name
Who will call me out of mine

Hula Hoops

1

A dance that must be done
Describes two
Interlocked ellipses
Got to maintain
Uphold the hoop
It's
The tips
Trembling
Whammo

2

Two describe a
Whirling möbius
The dancer bent double

Or else an armature
Amateur engine
Idling

3

Three leave
One limb free
Awkward still
Skips
The ground a
Beat

Or more's
Solitary
Each a pit
Stacked
A dervish's
Wobbly cell

Who is that
Condemned child
Inside those
Plastic haloes

Mariah Carey Has Collapsed

You've

STOP

got me fleeing

BREAK

emotion

ING DOWN

WHY DON'T YOU

STOP BREAKING DOWN

It is just

As you always

Suspected

When you turn from me

I am not

Can not

Even

Shout out to you

To save me

Say me

Still

Two Lines Shy of a Couplet

A few flies shy of a happy eel
A few tics shy of a node

A few floods shy of an Easter egg
A few tugs shy of a lode

A few shags shy of a rug
A few tags shy of a misanthrope

A few hims shy of a hymnal
A few jerks shy of a jackrabbit

A few guys shy of a goad
A few sties shy of an eyesore

A few sows shy of a pig sty
A few jocks shy of a jerk

A few gags shy of a choke
A few loins shy of a pride

A few scouts shy of a pack
A few haints shy of a shack

A few genes shy of a strain
A few taints shy of a stain

A few whos shy of a nation
A few ghosts shy of a notion

A few feet shy of a meter
A few ropes shy of a Hitchcock

A few dollars shy of a domain name
A few remains shy of a corpse

A few tunes shy of a Shylock
A few silks shy of a sow's ear

A few cons shy of a concept
A few bays shy of a moon

A few tides wide of the mark

Ballad for Underarm Guitar

Inability to recall
With any precision
Nearest events
Pass muster
Or opt for
Bits of cardboard, wood, string, newspaper cuttings
Operate at all
On the way to being absorbed
An aptitude for the jugular
Or a place to store unused words
“as documents to lift”
Humble, cold order
Where happiness registers
Some never lift up
Mine eyes in the hills
Help

In the Land of a Thousand Dunces

Got a pocket full of honey

Hand full of noblesse oblige

Handball in my hardhat

Cornball in my cornrow

Catfish 'round my cowpoke

Turkey in the hedge

Shoulders stained with sunshine

Gratings on my teeth

Usury Friendly Machines
(poema debajo del abajo)

Rome wasn't burnt in a day

As an eye lingers along a freeze around

A building's upper reaches

The palm at the heart of the palm itches

--Genetically modified orgasms--

Ubiquitous imputing

Caesura Salad

Under the counter-discourse

He had a chirp on his shoulder

--Scars fall on Alabama--

God died of suspended animation

Blatant gramophones

Calling upon every part of my being

To stay me from bowling

They appeared to look alike

But they didn't

Irremediable education

It isn't a novel

It's a photograph of a novel

Grudge fires spread from the
neighboring hills

No bedrest for the bedridden

No respite in the Sympodium

--Beginning-stopped lines
These fragments I ruin against the shore

A glut of unused capacity

Frozen Monarchs rained from faltering trees

Minuendo in sea

Water pocket trumpet

I was on the tip of my tongue

The Virginia Monologues

Furious fiddles of post-op Bop. Publishable by law. Nobody is black or white by himself. "Even many broad-minded liberal Muslims become upset when the historical voracity and authenticity of the Koran is questioned." To be found not guilty by reason of inanity, it must be proved that the defendant could not tell here from there. What was new about the new sentence. An irreality that can no longer be situated as such. As when a knock comes to a door known to have no outside. It was neither here nor there. Malaysian malaise. A mask of gymnasium apparatus. Revered rodents. The knocking table of contents that severs our seance. Where is "the" in the here and now? In the age of the pager, a plague of beeping Toms. Dumbness for dummies. The aromatic cassette was stuck in the machine. The quality of strain is not mercy.

Load-bearing stanza; do not remove.

What part of "you" don't you understand? This was a new sentence when I found it. How much of the passing world could be glimpsed through the window of a writing pad? Adjust margins. Our bodice-rippers; our shelves. "Ladies and gentlemen, the use of electronic devices may now be used." I felt a buzzing in my drain. What was new about "make it new." Turn-down service available upon request. "We have these lovely computer arm wires for sale," said the salesman in Louisiana. Is contraction good for baseball? The pentagon describes this as "sensitive site exploitation." Deep South loans, three blocks south of Mid-South Bank. Fat-free French Bread. A faith worse than death. Don't let him get your zygote. I set a Tipper in Tennessee. Breakfast on the battlefield at Pinhook Bridge. What was new about the New Criticism. Self portrait of the artist as a self portrait. A harbinger of harbingers to come. There, but for the grace of God, goes God. What was new about the New

Negro. Feeling trapped in the break-out session. Poseurs for Jesus. Flaneurs for the asking. Flan for four, with a flourish. How can a product be both new and improved? A powerpoint is a presentation having no length, width, or depth. We will be amenitized in Detroit. What was new about the New Formalism. To have such poets in your mist after the Sybil War. Opposable Thumbelina at the backdoor of creation. It was being awake kept me awake. She'd had a pastemaker inserted in her chest. Nothing has no learning curve. Would you care to speak to a dedicated rollover specialist? What was new about the new Nixon. How much is that mongoose in the window? Occupational lizards. Celestial reasonings. It's like a mumble some times. Fanonemological. Girls slip in where fools rush in. Pherognomes. Perversity Management Seminars for Extractive Industries. What was new about the New Novel. The IRS now recognizes obesity as an accepted disease. Immersive environments. What daylight savings did to my day job. "Ten years ago I might not be sitting here today." His eye is on the marrow. Please advise us if you feel you do not meet our selection criteria. Who was it first thought, best thought, of flying by broom? Assumes facts not in evidence. What was new about the New Journalism. Hedge drones buzzing around the economy. The self-pronouncing Bible lay still on the sill. "Passengers willing to relinquish up their seats please come to the podium." Sometimes turbulence is unexpected. Simultaneous transliteration services are available. Such a small thing, a heart, to go in a massive attack. Mock hooligans were hired for the training exercise. Hell maintenance organization. Mammy's machinations. Loss is as much a part of the semantic process as Charles. What was new about the New Christie Minstrels. What was wrong with the New Coke? The New Wave in French film overlapped the New Wave in American jazz, which was barely visible following the New Wave of eighties rock. What was new about New York, New York. What was new about a question that did not assume a respondent capable of providing an answer. "I'm one of the ten million people in this country who

thought I would have to wear contact lenses the rest of my life." The death of the princess phone. Shift work happens. Sibling ribaldry. We live in the wealth gap. Mirror site hind sight. "She taught him to make cornpone by scaring it finely." Indigo text tiles. The day the slaves won the Masters Tournament. The work of art in the age of sexual reproduction. It's hard to make such sleeping generalizations. The prism house of language. How do we begin to flush out this model? What was new about the New Frontier. What was old about the Old West. What was cold about the Cold War. What was told about. What was that all about. Ron read us the Alphabet's prospective final sentence. Still, the antepenultimate remains unread. Bonfire of variety. Was the Goldfinger born to Bloom the same grown to bedevil Bond? At the end of the day was another cliché. What was new about the New Americanists. What was modern about the New Modernists. Lizard doing push-ups on hot sidewalk. What was new about the Shock of the New. Lord of the Files. The impotence of being earnest. What was new about the New Cinema. "My symptoms are history." Redundant tortillas. He would always remember her as the first person who treated him ironically. The guests at the wedding gasped at the exchange of vows. In the Blue Angel the student had to write the word "the" two hundred times. Flying diplomas troubled the horizon. Suite for hallow-bodied guitar. Please use fright elevator. I can never remember which poets wrote memoirs. He had made his reputation many years previously by establishing the existence of two lines in Toni Morrison's BELOVED that had never been quoted. Neither he nor I could ever remember which was which. One day I found myself stranded on a desolate stretch of prose wondering what sort of anecdote this might make one day. People caught up in the act of love often fail to recognize that they have been in an earthquake. Disussing disgusting de gustibus. "It's really easy to pick the wrong horse and they don't want to eat crow here." The sputtering footlights in the theater of senescence. Professor possessor. Lizards of a leather flog together, whatever the weather. The half-life

of colloquial phenomena. All hail broke loose. "Unique copies." Coinage became common. Urban lied in 1095. Tortious interference - Torturous inference. The Society for the Study of Short-lived Phenomena celebrates its fiftieth anniversary.

What's new?

Photo Opportunity

From what must seem
An accumulation of fact
The presentations of memory

Old friends subside and we find
New ones
Such likely places as
Line themselves up along
A room

With a woman who loves storms
Watching through the open door of the party
As a disturbance calls for her attention
Herding clouds claps and rain before her
She approves and recalls foreign fountains
While absent-mindedly stroking the enormous loss
That has crept across the couch
To nuzzle its head in her lap

The party molts like a lizard
And whether we hear them or not
Her memories replace the departed
Enlivening the room
They draw mist in through screened windows
There is an eclectic crackle in the air tonight

How do we touch each other
By reaching the thoughts that trace themselves in her
face
As a change in the storm
Brings a finger to her lips

How do we learn
By recollection

In the absence of mirrors
We watch one another

Night is turned back at the door
We need bad lightning for the blackness
It has left on the stoop

In the next room our hostess
Slices the atmosphere with a silver knife
Placing the wedges on small china to serve us
Our host hangs a light from a beam on the porch
The bushes about the house beat

And rustle as hundreds of honest
Men steal away with the night

Mary Kaye's Book

A suggestion of
Asian birds
Pooled on the page
One wheels
Overhead
Wooden warning
Of land nearby
In his beak
Another turns
Torn between landing
And going on
A third thrusts
His head through the surface
In the children's corner
Where sun's rays should be
Splayed
Pictographs offer
Measured comment
The birds cannot read them
Neither can I
Across the pond
Turtle's eyes
Float
Viscid
Vicious
A lunge in light
One bird less as
Something like a simile
Breaks upon the water

The Art of Appropriation

isn't hard to master

Child of the Willows
For Stan Brakhage

Frame follows frame of

Purest flaming prairie of

Infuriating earth

From shelterbelt

Saw sprockets

At field edge

Nothing forlorn for

acres

Across a plain colored by commerce

Whispers from the bleeding ears of

Kansas

Crash crop of the nameable

Crowing across cowed pasture

A commodity is a sometimes thing

A house that substitutes for speech

No lacunae

In story space

Cell after painted cell

Daily rushes of flourishing corn

Flickering poetics

Citation

I am trying to say "citation"
To ready myself against the paper cuts
That erupt from new books
"I am trying to say citation"
And not think of the sound
Of any horse

There is a site in Southern Virginia
Where a mountain of tires burns
Beneath its own weight
Another in Pennsylvania
Where men once drove themselves for coal
Far below the township has burned like longing
Twenty years and more
Time to take things into our own hands

A man awash in silence

We are at last it seems
On wings like wives breaking on the shore
That carry us this far and fold
Falling similarly

I am trying a recitation
Without memory
To reiterate what has never been written

The Air and Space museum displays
Neither air nor space
But fills an entire room
With suits designed to keep air
In and space out

I spent the years 1982 and 1983
Attempting to remember a single event
That had terrified me when I was fifteen
Then gave it up as irretrievably lost

Now I sit in a Japanese tear garden
With a woman trying to repeat myself

Impenetrable Jargon

golf

gulf

guelph

men

menace

menses

lam

lamine

lamb

chancy

chump

chanteuse

ego

ergo

egalitarian

french

fry

flambee

kit

kitsch

kilter

her

here

heresy

rambling

rambunctious

radon

argon

argot

armature

infer

in fur

infernal

voile

viola

voila

Immortality
Seems so
Slight
A project

You'd think
We'd think

Something better

Of ourselves

Aldon Lynn Nielsen is Kelly Professor of American Literature at Pennsylvania State University and author of several books, including *Reading Race*, *VEXT*, and *STEPPING RAZOR*.

